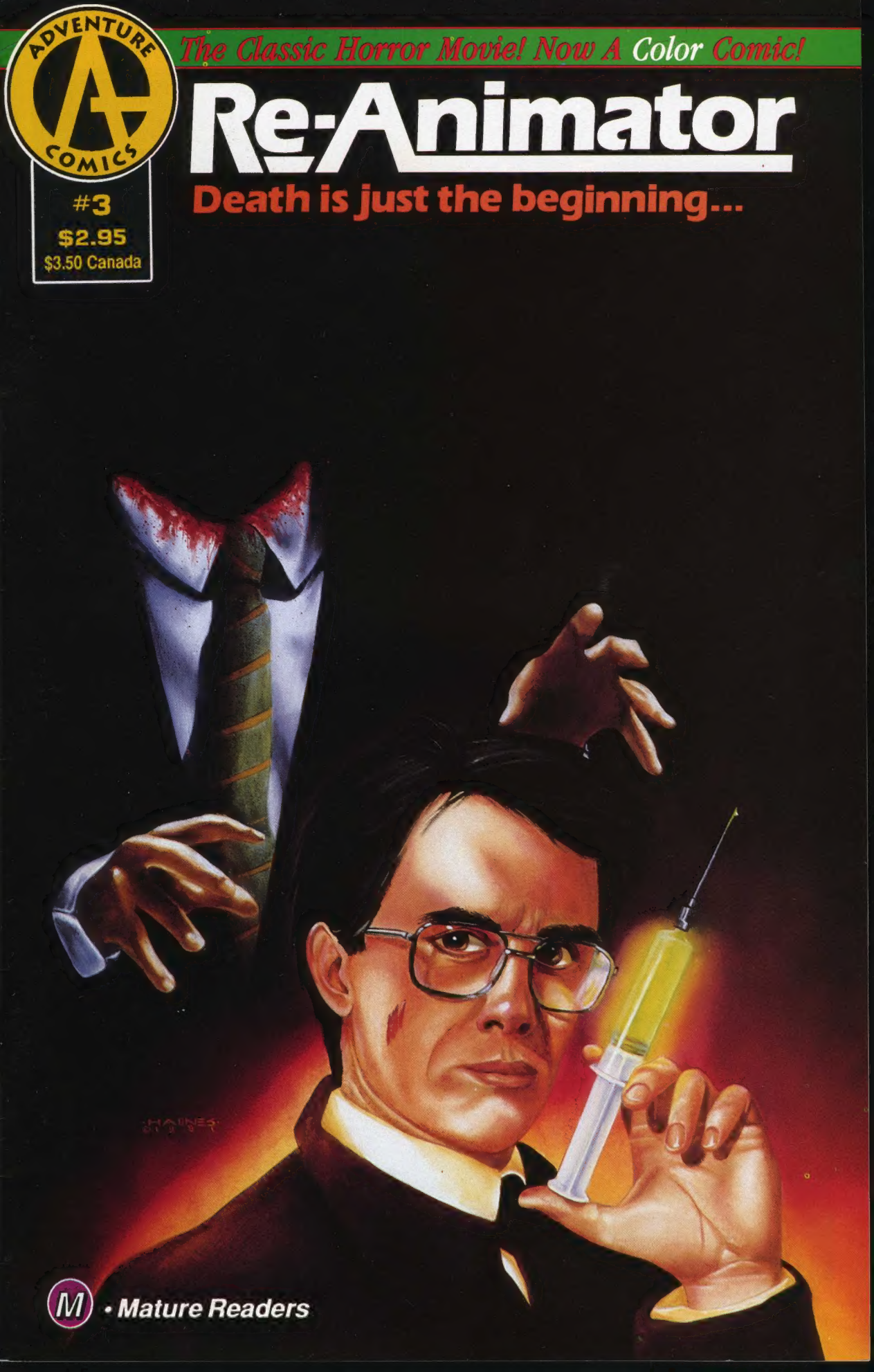
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The Classic Horror Movie! Now A Color Comic!
Re-Animator
Death is just the beginning...
M • Mature Readers

Based On Characters Created By H.P. Lovecraft

Special Thanks To Brian Yuzna

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Creative Director Tales...

Sadly, this issue brings to a close our three-issue adaptation of the classic horror movie, *Re-Animator*. But this does not end our association with Herbert West. Check out the comic stores right now for the four-issue mini-series, *Re-Animator: Dawn Of The Re-Animator* by Bill Spangler and Jose Malaga (with terrific cover paintings by Tony Harris.

We're also planning more with the young Herbert so stay tuned.

Brian Yuzna fans should make a special trip to the video store to check out *Bride Of The Re-Animator,* the sequel to the original movie. And while you're at it, be on the look-out for Brian's terrific new film, *Society*. Horror fans will not be sorry!—*Tom Mason*

Re-Animator In Full Color #3 (of 3). April 1992.
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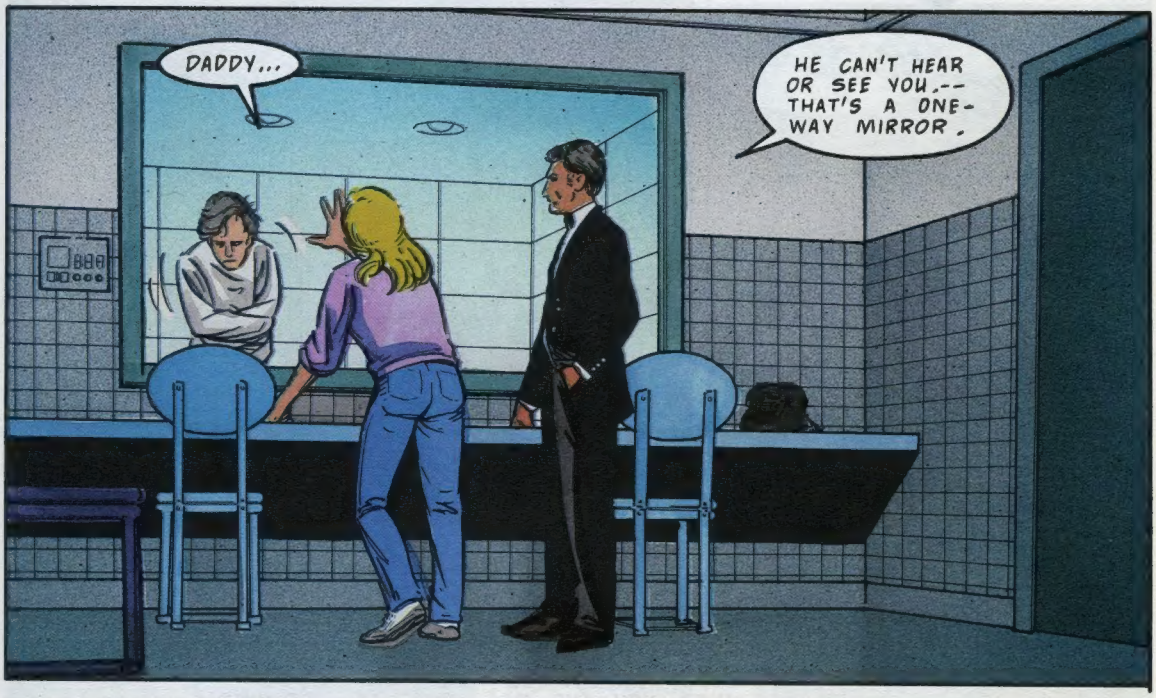
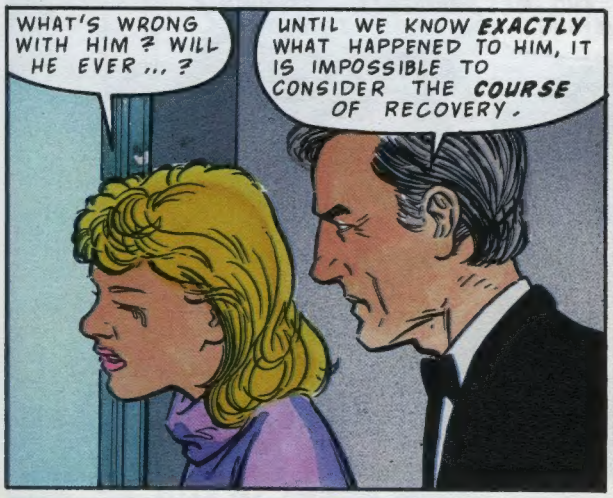
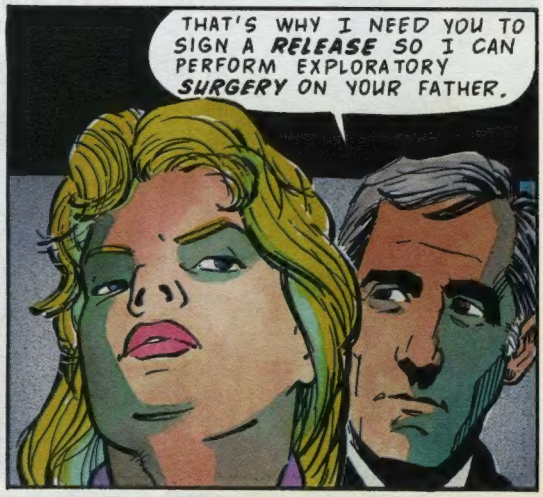

DADDY...
HE CAN'T HEAR OR SEE YOU.-- THAT'S A ONE-WAY MIRROR.


WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? WILL HE EVER...?
UNTIL WE KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO CONSIDER THE COURSE OF RECOVERY.


THAT'S WHY I NEED YOU TO SIGN A RELEASE SO I CAN PERFORM EXPLORATORY SURGERY ON YOUR FATHER.

IS THAT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, DR. HILL? DADDY THOUGHT SURGERY WAS A LAST RESORT.
AREN'T THERE OTHER TESTS YOU COULD DO?

I KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR YOU, MEGAN, BUT I'M CONVINCED ALLAN'S PROBLEM IS NEUROLOGICAL.

OF COURSE, WE'LL TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION.

I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF HIM, DOCTOR!
AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!

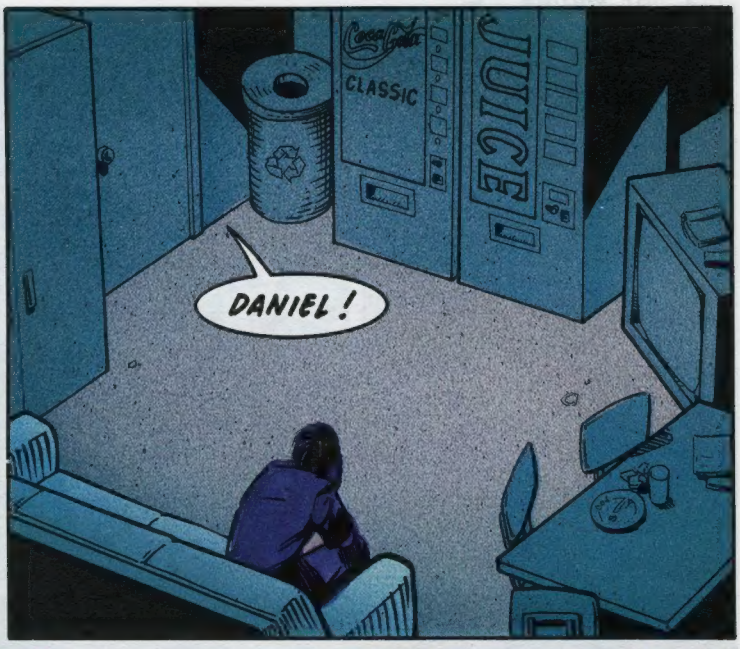
I'LL SIGN THE RELEASE FORM ON MY WAY OUT.

SLAM!
GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR.

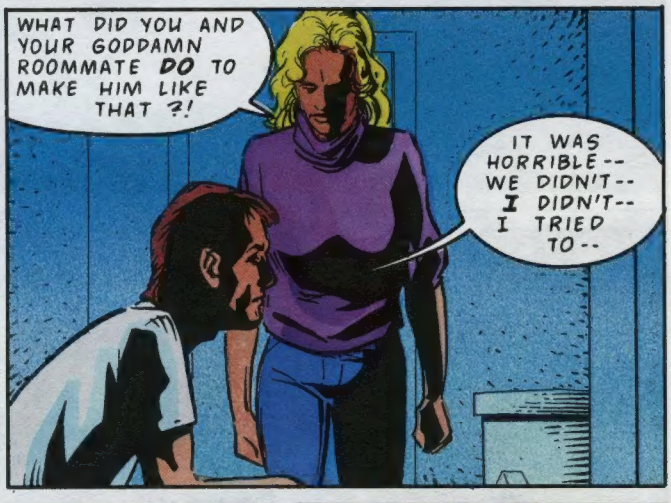
WELL, ALLAN, I GUESS THAT LEAVES JUST YOU AND ME FOR THE EVENING.
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE SPEND A FEW MOMENTS LISTENING TO THIS?

GET MACE! CALL SECURITY! ...GAA-AAARGH! ... GOD-DAMNIT! GET YOUR ASSES OUT OF THERE! NOW! YEEE-AARGH!!
BRAVO, MR. WEST! BRAVO!

DANIEL!
103 RESIDENTS LOUNGE
BULLETIN


CLASSIC
JUICE!
DANIEL!

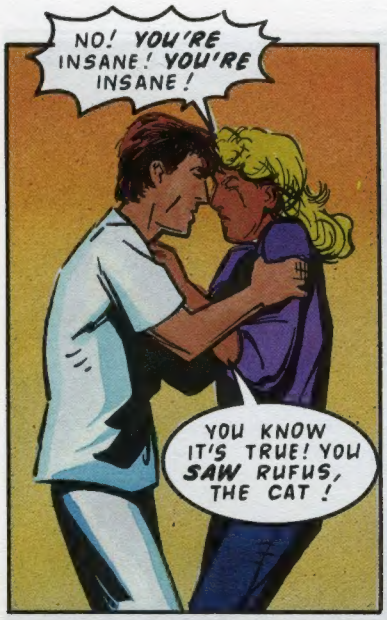
MEG?
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO MY FATHER, YOU BASTARD?!


WHAT DID YOU AND YOUR GODDAMN ROOMMATE DO TO MAKE HIM LIKE THAT?!
IT WAS HORRIBLE-- WE DIDN'T-- I DIDN'T-- I TRIED TO--

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM?!
SLAP!
TELL ME!

HE'S NOT INSANE.

HE'S DEAD.
NO!


NO! YOU'RE INSANE! YOU'RE INSANE!
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE! YOU SAW RUFUS, THE CAT!

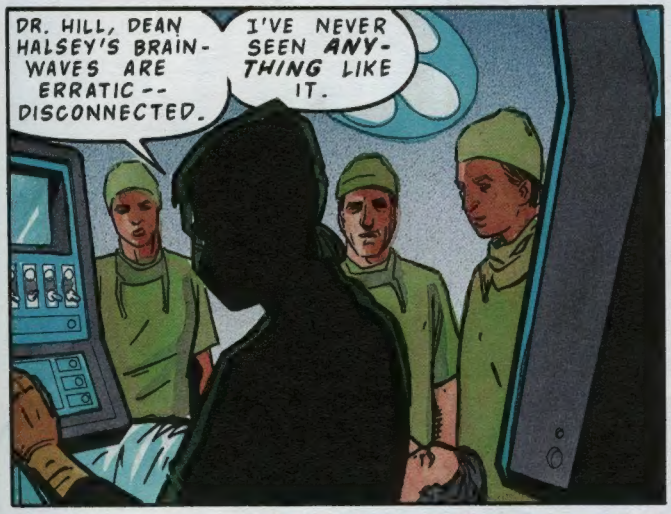
YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE.
DADDY... DADDY...

I'LL TELL YOU, MEG.
EVERYTHING.

OCTOBER 14, 11:57 AM.
TELL ME, MR. MELVILLE, WHAT'S YOUR EXPERIENCED PROGNOSIS?
I'D RATHER NOT SAY, DR. HILL.

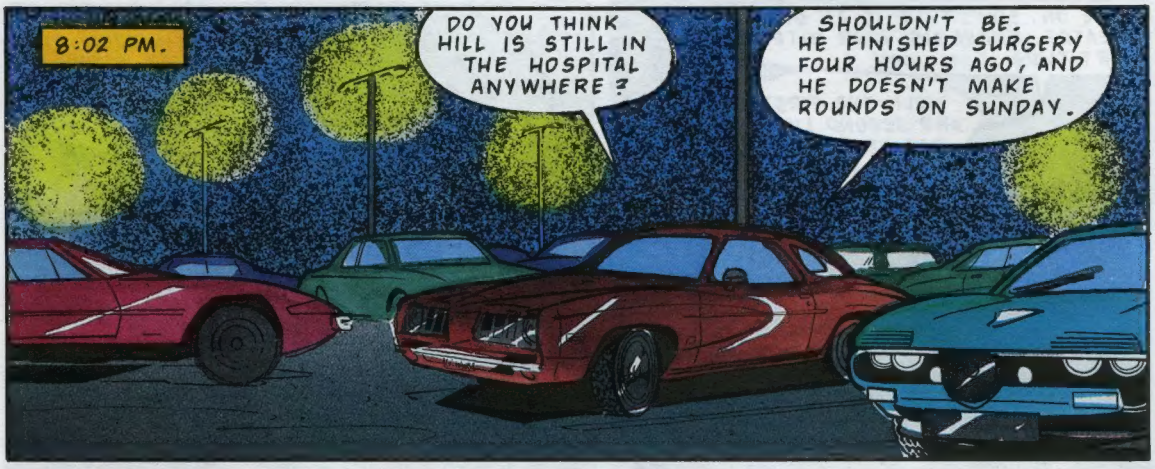
COME ON, SON. THIS IS AN OPERATING THEATRE. SHOW US YOUR INTESTINAL FORTITUDE.
WELL, THE FIRST AND SECOND LUMBAR VERTEBRAE ARE CRUSHED...

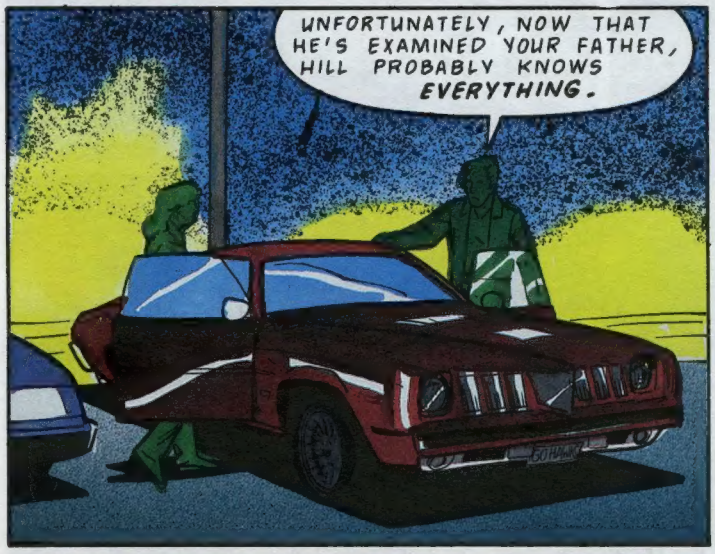
... THE DORSAL GANGLIA TORN, THE INFERIOR CERVICAL GANGLIA TORN, AND THE NECK IS BROKEN.

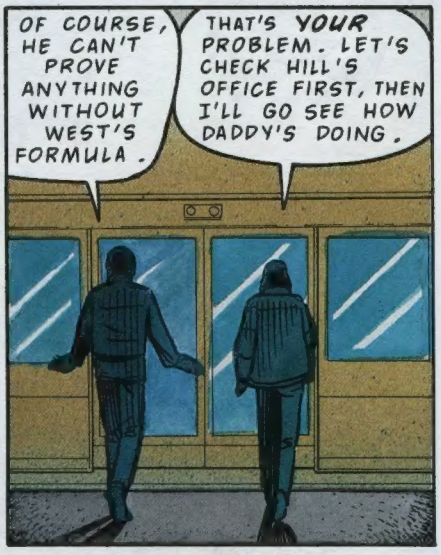

DR. HILL, DEAN HALSEY'S BRAIN-WAVES ARE ERRATIC -- DISCONNECTED.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

DEAN HALSEY IS CLEARLY -- DEAD. OR SHOULD BE.
BUT HE ISN'T.
REMEMBER MY LECTURE, MELVILLE, ABOUT A MAN WITH AN OBSESSIVE DESIRE POSSIBLY SURVIVING DEATH?

BUT, DR. HILL...!
NEVER MIND, MELVILLE.
RIGHT NOW I'LL NEED SOME EQUIPMENT BROUGHT UP FROM THE MORGUE.


8:02 PM.
DO YOU THINK HILL IS STILL IN THE HOSPITAL ANYWHERE ?
SHOULDN'T BE. HE FINISHED SURGERY FOUR HOURS AGO, AND HE DOESN'T MAKE ROUNDS ON SUNDAY.

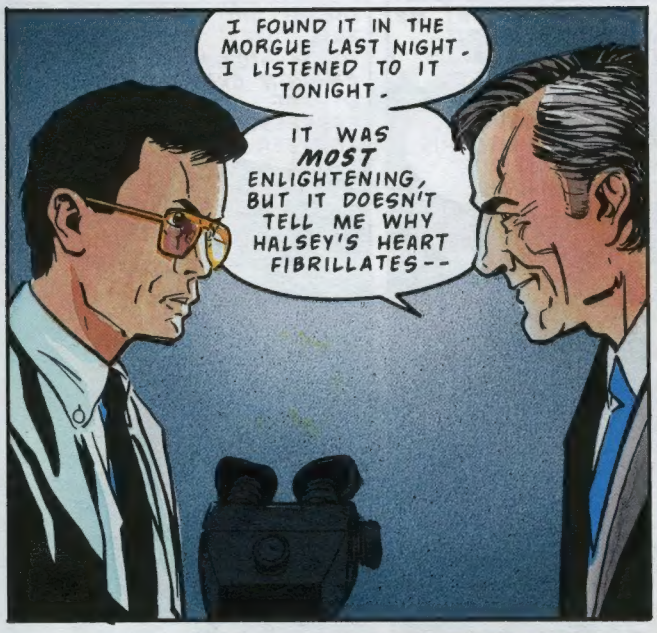

UNFORTUNATELY, NOW THAT HE'S EXAMINED YOUR FATHER, HILL PROBABLY KNOWS EVERYTHING.

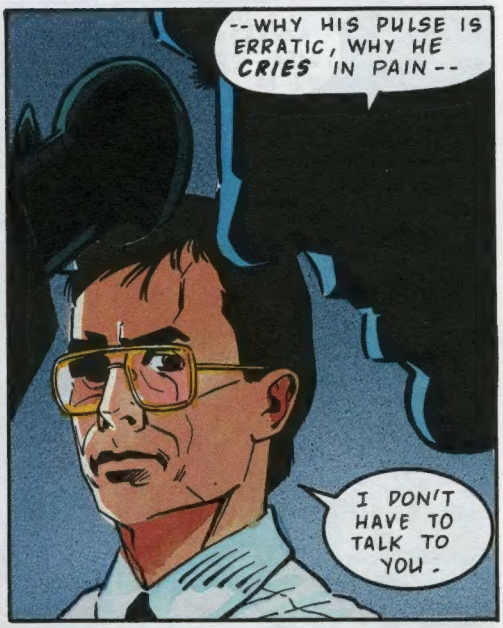

OF COURSE, HE CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING WITHOUT WEST'S FORMULA.
THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. LET'S CHECK HILL'S OFFICE FIRST, THEN I'LL GO SEE HOW DADDY'S DOING.

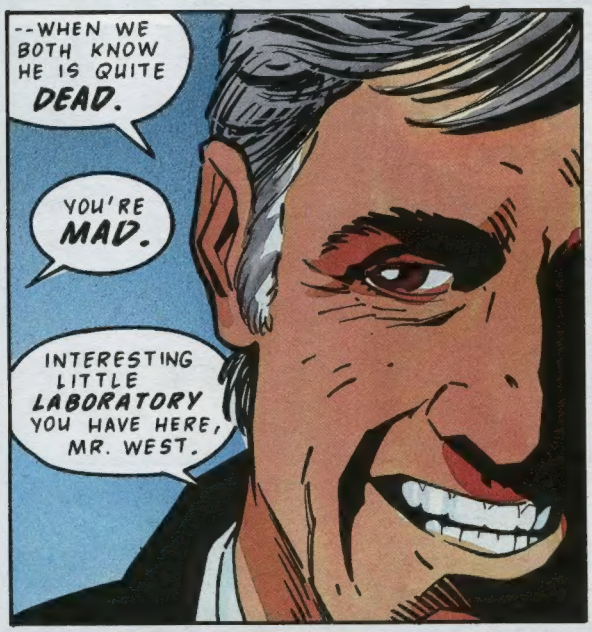
GOOD EVENING, MISTER WEST.

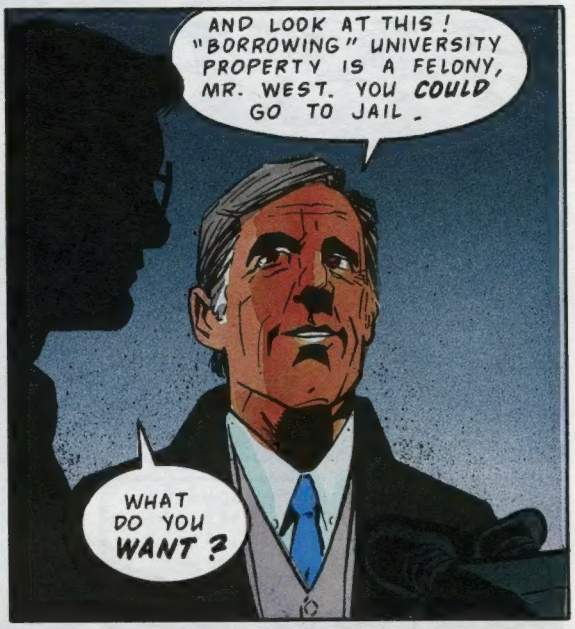
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?!
SORRY TO SURPRISE YOU, MR. WEST, BUT YOUR DOOR WAS UNLOCKED.
QUITE CLUMSY OF YOU.

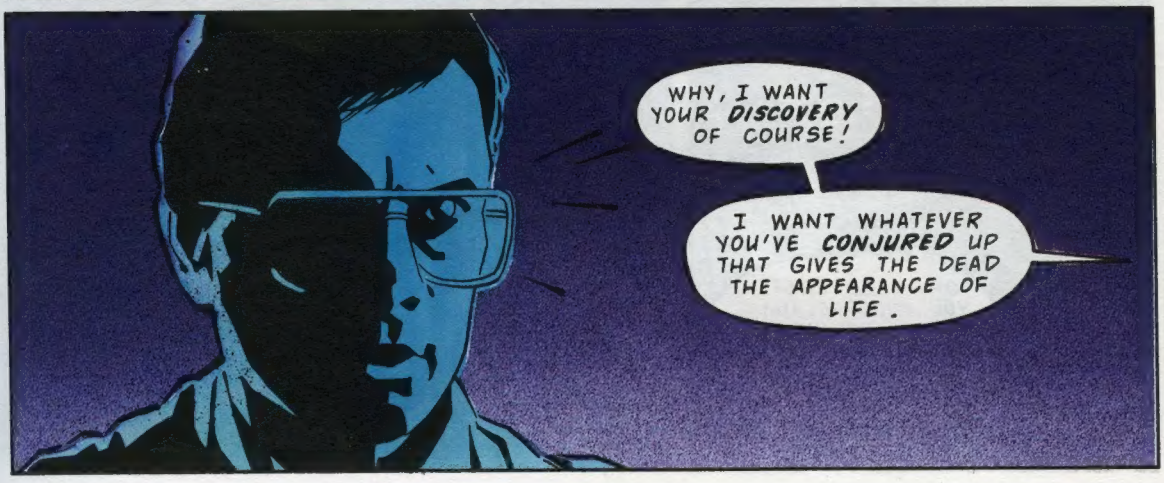
ALMOST AS CLUMSY AS YOUR MISPLACING THIS TAPE.
WHERE DID YOU GET THAT? DID DAN ... ?!
DON'T BE SO PICAYUNE. YOUR AS MUCH AT FAULT AS CAIN ... !


I FOUND IT IN THE MORGUE LAST NIGHT. I LISTENED TO IT TONIGHT.
IT WAS MOST ENLIGHTENING, BUT IT DOESN'T TELL ME WHY HALSEY'S HEART FIBRILLATES--

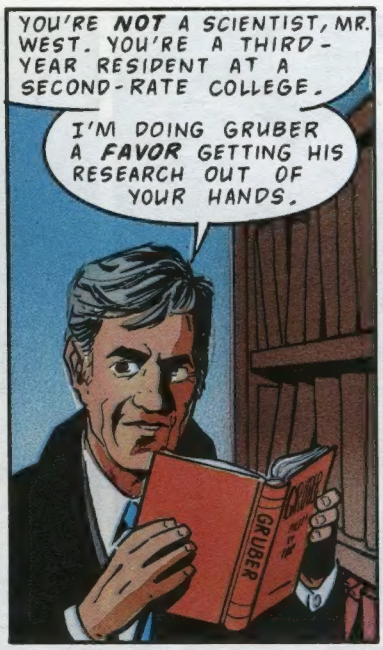

--WHY HIS PULSE IS ERRATIC, WHY HE CRIES IN PAIN--
I DON'T HAVE TO TALK TO YOU.

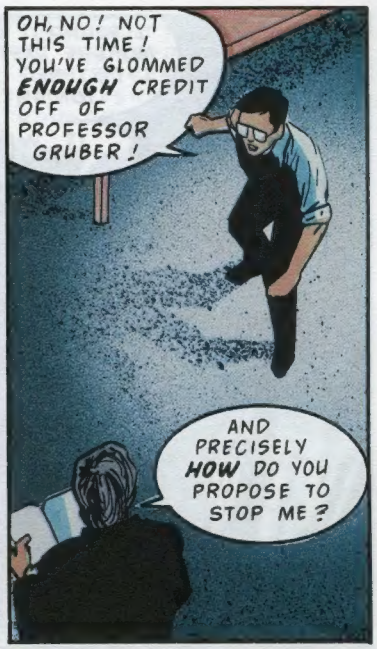

--WHEN WE BOTH KNOW HE IS QUITE DEAD.
YOU'RE MAD.
INTERESTING LITTLE LABORATORY YOU HAVE HERE, MR. WEST.


AND LOOK AT THIS! "BORROWING" UNIVERSITY PROPERTY IS A FELONY, MR. WEST. YOU COULD GO TO JAIL.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

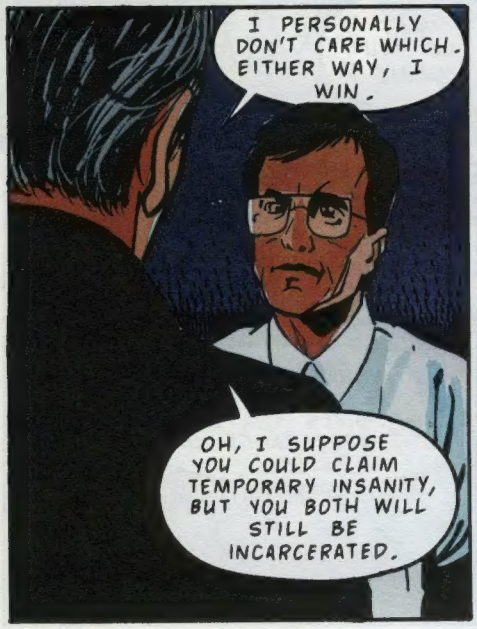

WHY, I WANT YOUR DISCOVERY OF COURSE!
I WANT WHATEVER YOU'VE CONJURED UP THAT GIVES THE DEAD THE APPEARANCE OF LIFE.

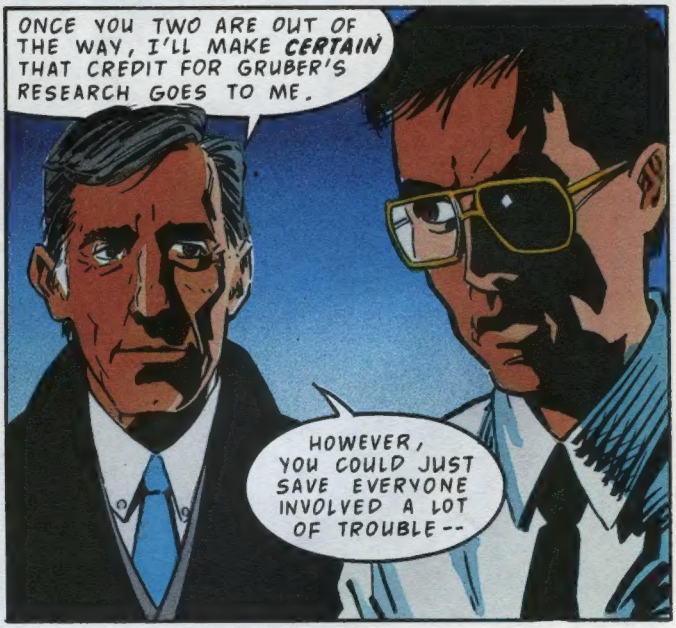
IT'S NOT THE "APPEARANCE" OF LIFE, DOCTOR-- IT IS LIFE.
THIS ISN'T MAGIC-- I'M A SCIENTIST.

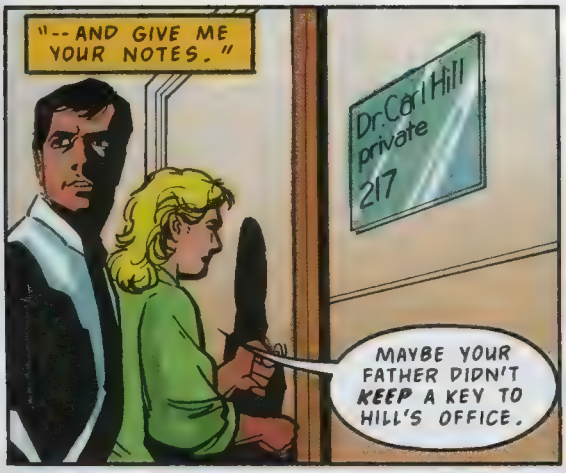

YOU'RE NOT A SCIENTIST, MR. WEST. YOU'RE A THIRD-YEAR RESIDENT AT A SECOND-RATE COLLEGE.
I'M DOING GRUBER A FAVOR GETTING HIS RESEARCH OUT OF YOUR HANDS.
GRUBER


OH, NO! NOT THIS TIME! YOU'VE GLOMMED ENOUGH CREDIT OFF OF PROFESSOR GRUBER!
AND PRECISELY HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO STOP ME?

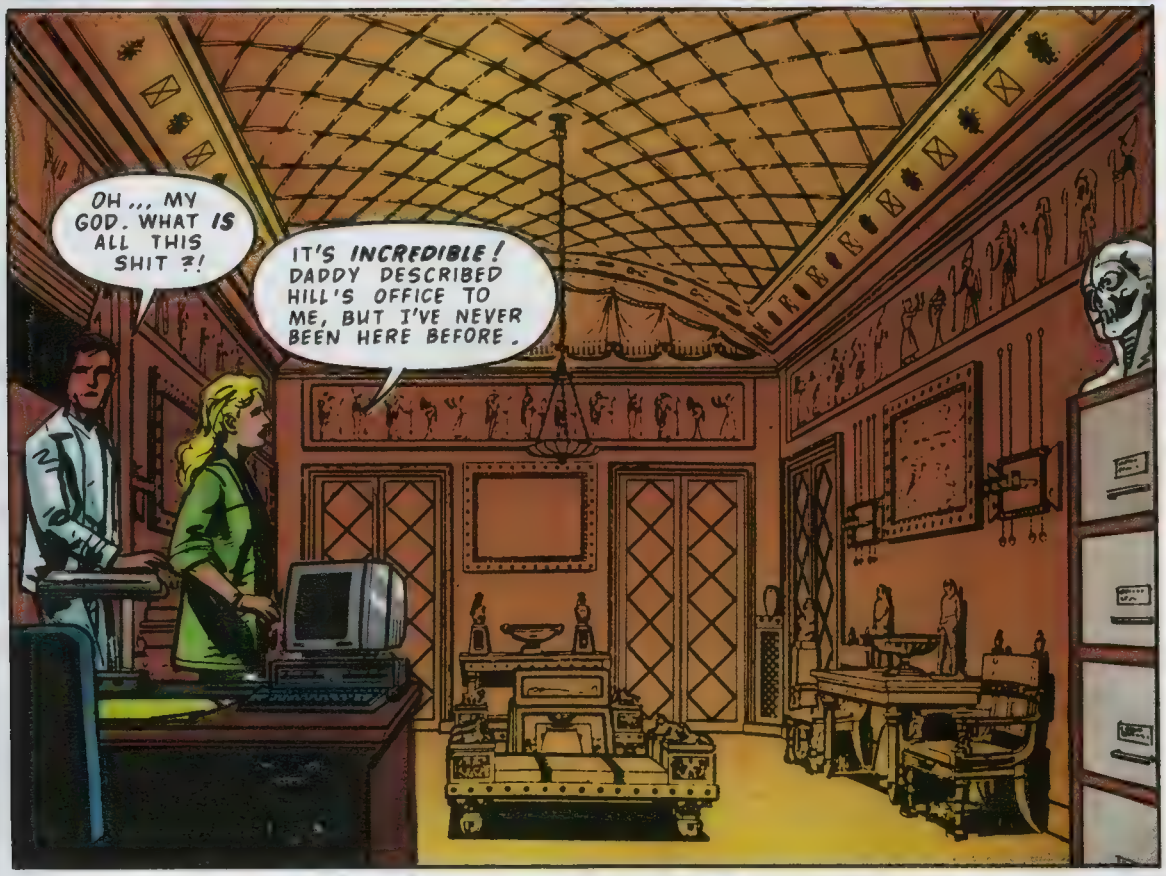
I HAVE YOUR TAPE. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PLAY IT TO THE POLICE, AND YOU AND CAIN WILL BE ARRESTED AS MADMEN-- OR MURDERERS.


I PERSONALLY DON'T CARE WHICH. EITHER WAY, I WIN.
OH, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CLAIM TEMPORARY INSANITY, BUT YOU BOTH WILL STILL BE INCARCERATED.

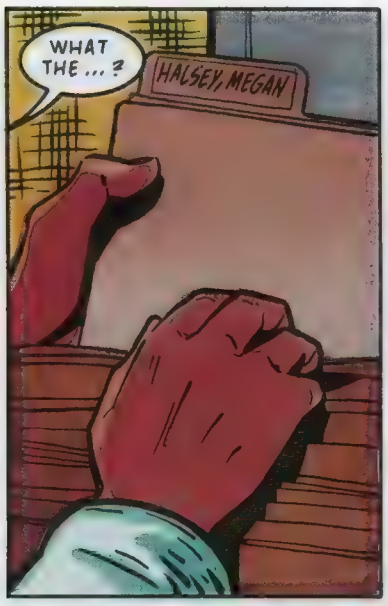

ONCE YOU TWO ARE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL MAKE CERTAIN THAT CREDIT FOR GRUBER'S RESEARCH GOES TO ME.
HOWEVER, YOU COULD JUST SAVE EVERYONE INVOLVED A LOT OF TROUBLE--


"--AND GIVE ME YOUR NOTES."
Dr. Carl Hill private 217
MAYBE YOUR FATHER DIDN'T KEEP A KEY TO HILL'S OFFICE.

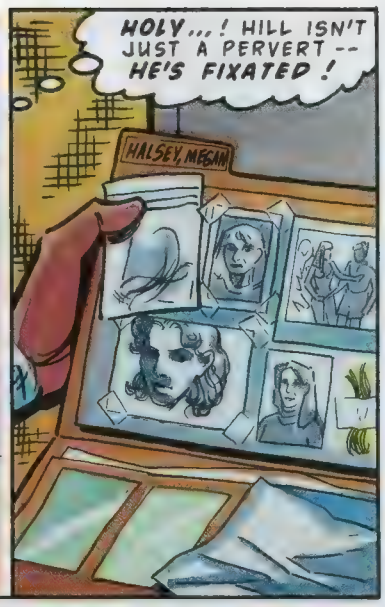
DADDY HAD A KEY TO EVERY-- AH!
KLIK
GOTCHA!


OH... MY GOD. WHAT IS ALL THIS SHIT?!
IT'S INCREDIBLE! DADDY DESCRIBED HILL'S OFFICE TO ME, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE.

THIS STUFF... IT'S ALL REAL! YOU CAN'T SEE PIECES THIS FINE IN BOSTON!
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT WHAT HILL KNOWS ABOUT YOUR FATHER.


WHAT THE ...?
HALSEY, MEGAN

YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE EVER TREATED BY HILL.
I WASN'T. WHAT DO YOU THINK IS BEHIND THESE DOORS?

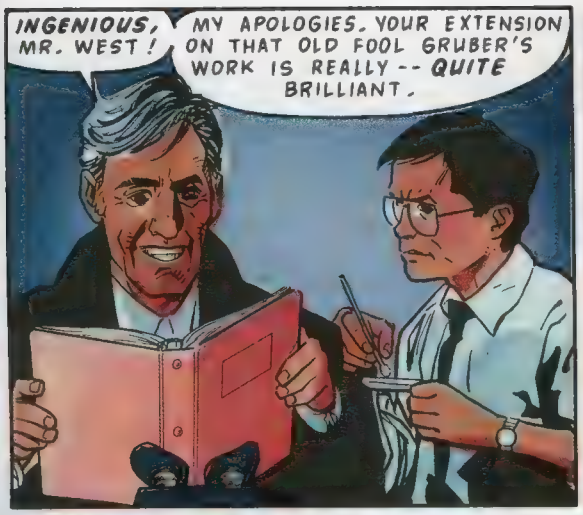

HOLY...! HILL ISN'T JUST A PERVERT -- HE'S FIXATED!
HALSEY, MEGAN

MEG! YOU'D BETTER SEE THIS!
WAIT A SECOND. THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE.

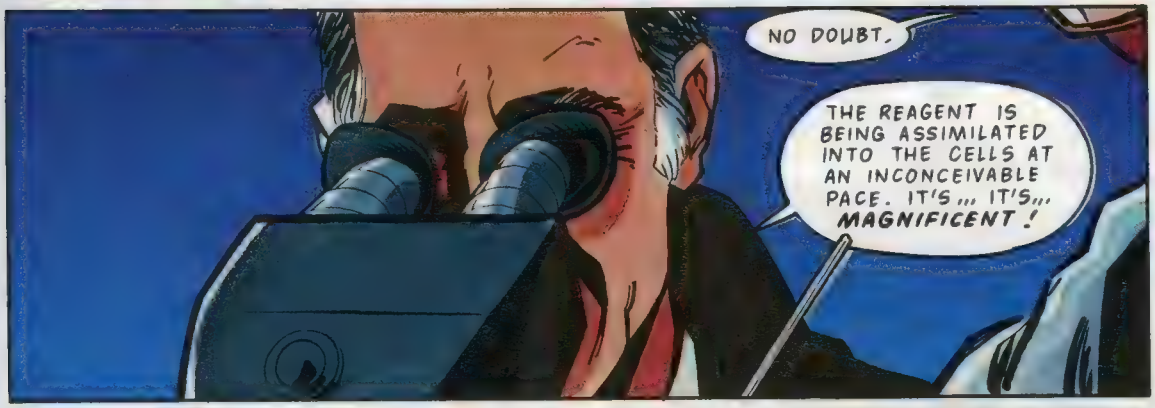
oh sweet Jesus!
DAAAN!

DA-DEEEE!

THAT MARK ON HIS FOREHEAD. IT'S FROM HILL'S NEW LASER DRILL.
YOUR FATHER'S BEEN LOBOTOMIZED!


INGENIOUS, MR. WEST!
MY APOLOGIES. YOUR EXTENSION ON THAT OLD FOOL GRUBER'S WORK IS REALLY -- QUITE BRILLIANT.

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF DEAD CAT TISSUE.
FROM THE FAMOUS REANIMATED CAT, NO DOUBT.

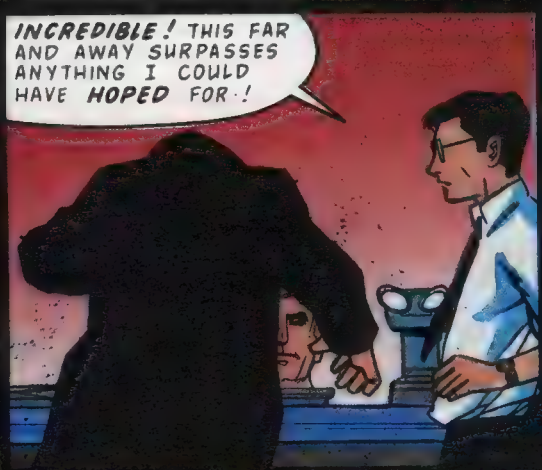

NO DOUBT.
THE REAGENT IS BEING ASSIMILATED INTO THE CELLS AT AN INCONCEIVABLE PACE. IT'S... IT'S... MAGNIFICENT!

YOU WILL BECOME MY ASSISTANT. CAIN WILL HAVE TO DISAPPEAR, NATURALLY.
HE'D ONLY BE A HINDERANCE.
AFTER FURTHER TESTING, I WILL REVEAL MY NEW SERUM.

THEY WILL RETIRE THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR MEDICINE IN MY NAME. I WILL BE PLACED IN THE PANTHEON OF SCIENCE.

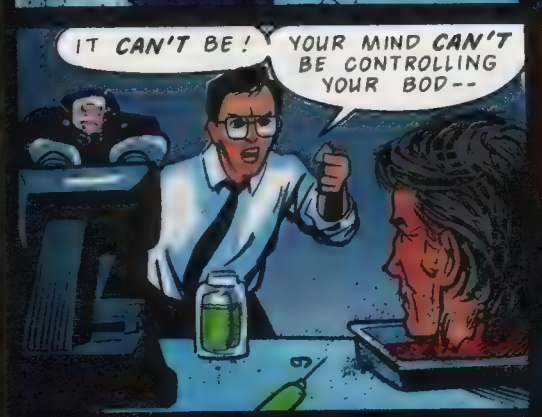
Uhhh!
THUD
CHOK
AAARGH! --GURGLE--!
YOU'RE A LEECH, HILL--AND IN A MOMENT...
...YOU'RE GOING TO BE NOTHING MORE--
"--THAN A DEAD LEECH!"
SNAP
WELL. THAT ...WAS A PLEASANT BREAK.
BUT NOW ...HMMM.
YES-- PARTS!
I'VE NEVER DONE WHOLE PARTS.
THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING.

DR. HILL?
CAN YOU HEAR ME?
WWWWESSST.
YES, DR. HILL. IT'S ME --HERBERT WEST. OF THE BOSTON WESTS.
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, DOCTOR?
WHAT DO YOU FEEL?
Y-Y-YOUUU--
SNITCH!
--BBASS-- TARRR-D!
HEY!


INCREDIBLE! THIS FAR AND AWAY SURPASSES ANYTHING I COULD HAVE HOPED FOR.!

FURTHER DISSECTION OF YOU, DOCTOR, MAY BE NECESSARY TO COMPLETELY UNDER--
OOF!

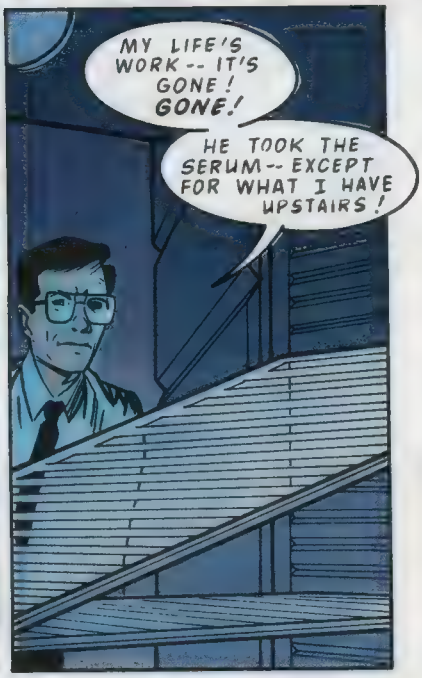
LET GO OF ME, YOU PLEBIAN!
AAAAAA-HN!


IT CAN'T BE!
YOUR MIND CAN'T BE CONTROLLING YOUR BOD--

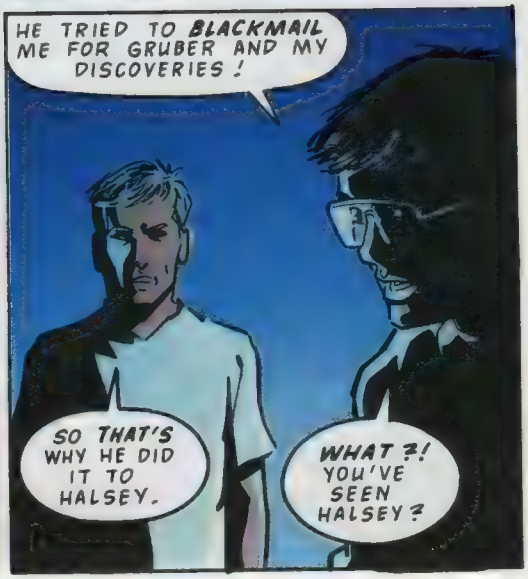
--EEE!
LOOOK OUUT!

UHN! COUGH, COUGH!
WELCOME BACK TO THE LIVING.

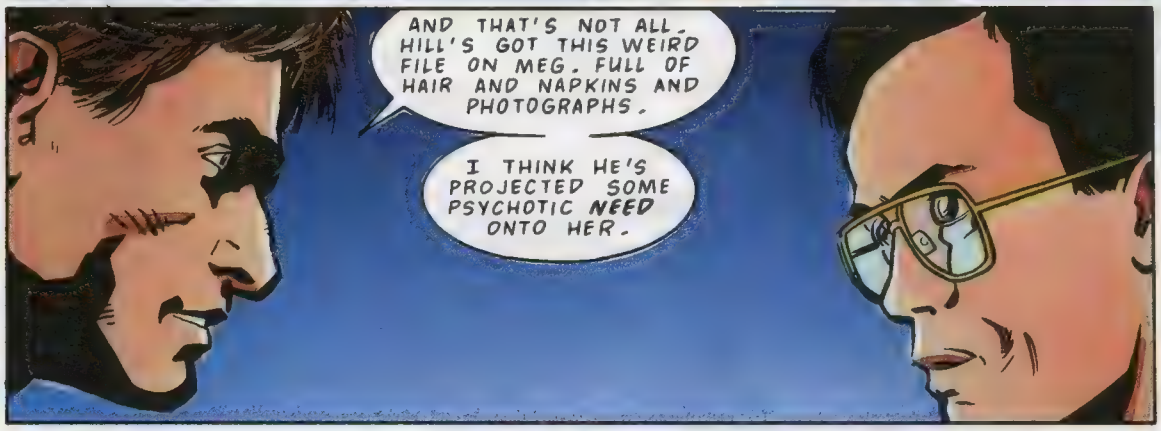
WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THE HELL HAS BEEN HAPPENING HERE ?!
HILL -- uhh --OH NO. NO. NO!


MY LIFE'S WORK -- IT'S GONE! GONE!
HE TOOK THE SERUM -- EXCEPT FOR WHAT I HAVE UPSTAIRS!

WHO TOOK IT, CAPTAIN AHAB? OR IS THIS THE LAST STAGE OF PARANOIA ?
HILL. HILL TOOK MY SERUM, MY NOTES -- EVERYTHING!


HE TRIED TO BLACKMAIL ME FOR GRUBER AND MY DISCOVERIES!
SO THAT'S WHY HE DID IT TO HALSEY.
WHAT ?! YOU'VE SEEN HALSEY ?

THAT FUCKER HILL LOBOTOMIZED HIM, HERBERT, SO HE COULD CONTROL HIM, IN CASE HALSEY EVER TALKED OR TRIED TO TELL ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED !


AND THAT'S NOT ALL. HILL'S GOT THIS WEIRD FILE ON MEG. FULL OF HAIR AND NAPKINS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.
I THINK HE'S PROJECTED SOME PSYCHOTIC NEED ONTO HER.

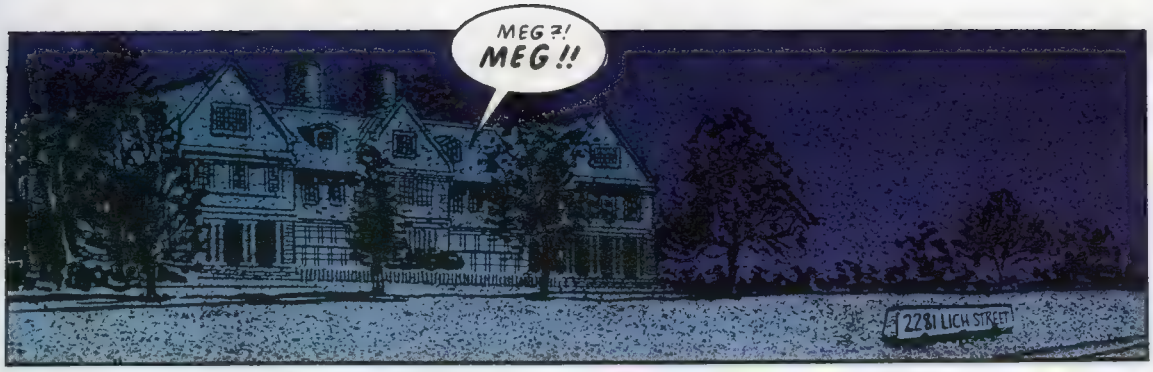
THEN WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE. I'M GOING LOOKING FOR HILL. YOU'D BETTER BABY-SIT YOUR SWEETHEART.
WHY? WHAT'S GOING ON?

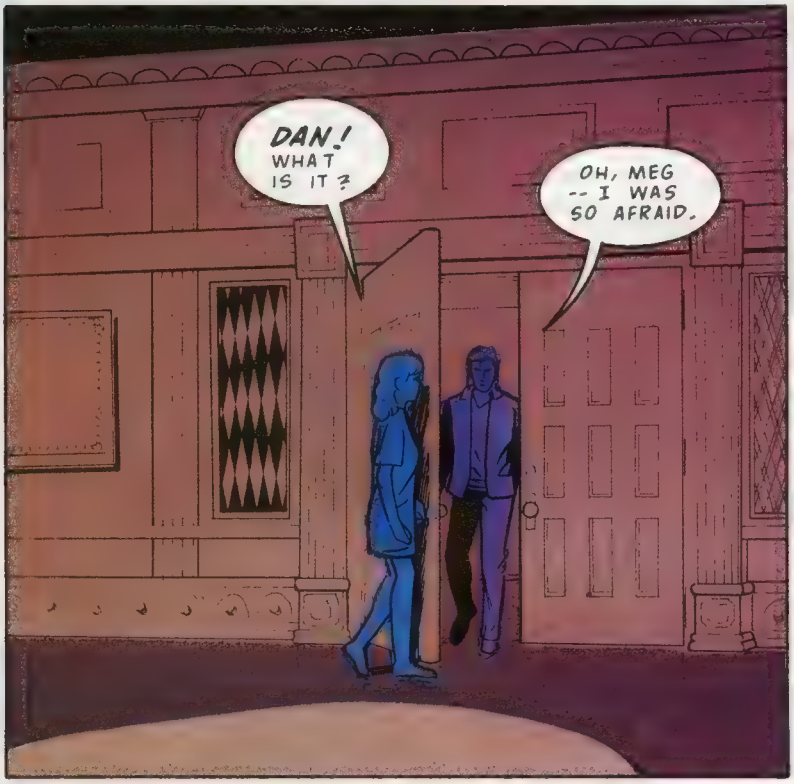
I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY TO CAMPUS. COME ON!

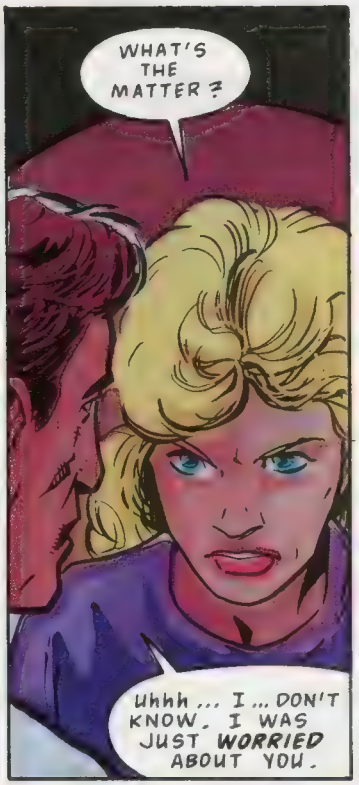
YOU DID WHAT?!

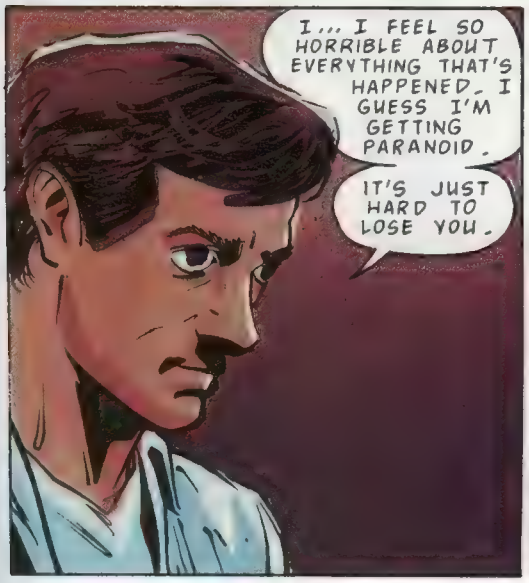
"AL-LAAAN."
Dr. Carl Hill
private
217
AL-LAAN -- TIME TO WAKE UP.
IT'SSS MEEE, ALLAANN.
YOUR OLD FRI-EEENND --CAARRRL.
IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO COME OUT NOW, AL-LAAN.

PLAYTHING
October
Candi
Mmm-Hmm.
OPEN THE DOORS PLEASE, MACE.
THAT YOU, DR. HILL?
OF COURSE IT'S ME.
THANK YOU.
BZZT
OOOOH, BREAK TIME!

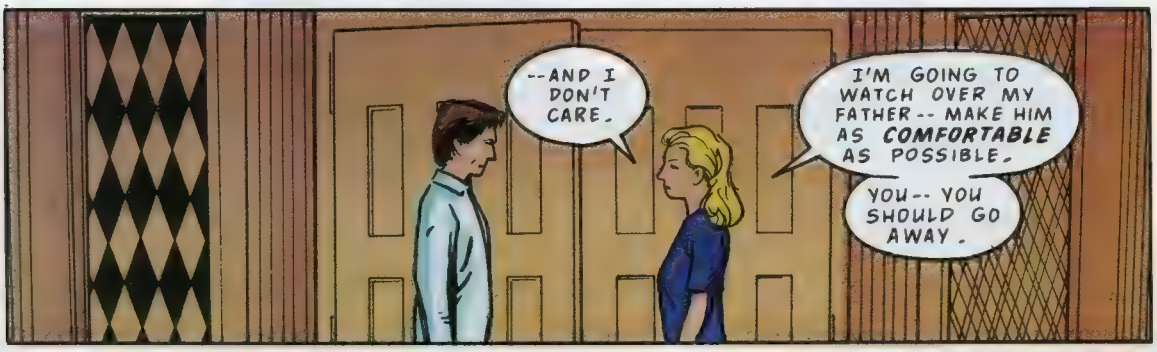

MEG?! MEG!!
2281 LICH STREET


DAN! WHAT IS IT?
OH, MEG -- I WAS SO AFRAID.

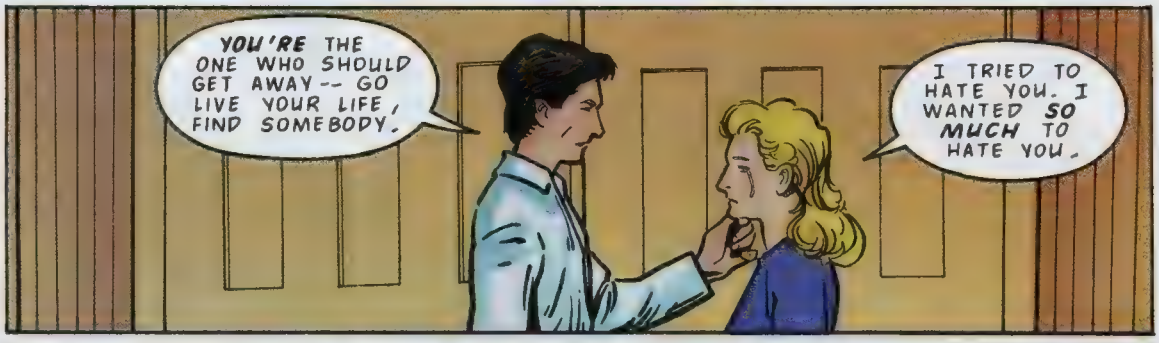

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
Uhhh... I... DON'T KNOW. I WAS JUST WORRIED ABOUT YOU.


I... I FEEL SO HORRIBLE ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED. I GUESS I'M GETTING PARANOID.
IT'S JUST HARD TO LOSE YOU.

THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO FOR MY FATHER NOW, AND THERE'S NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO TO ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE TRUTH IS ANYMORE --


--AND I DON'T CARE.
I'M GOING TO WATCH OVER MY FATHER -- MAKE HIM AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE.
YOU-- YOU SHOULD GO AWAY.

TRANSFER TO ANOTHER SCHOOL, FINISH THE COURSE. YOU'LL BE A FINE DOCTOR. YOU'LL DO GOOD FOR PEOPLE. YOU'LL BE SAFE.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME.


YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOULD GET AWAY -- GO LIVE YOUR LIFE, FIND SOMEBODY.
I TRIED TO HATE YOU. I WANTED SO MUCH TO HATE YOU.

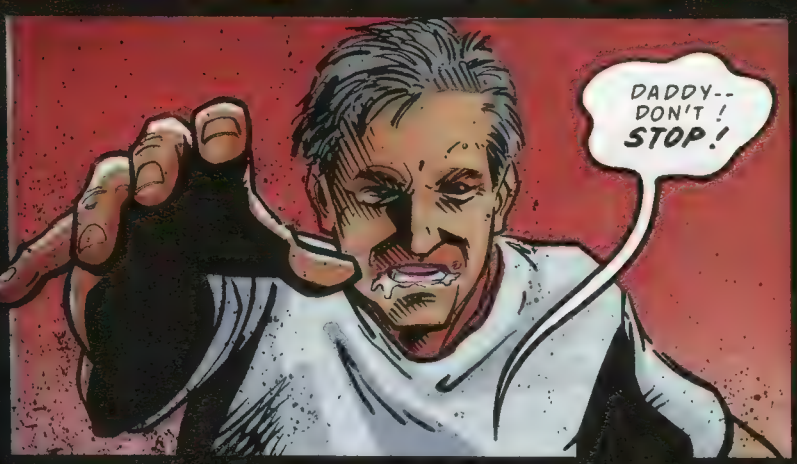
I LOVE YOU, MEG. I LOVE YOU.

DA-DEEE!

NOOO!
DEAN HALSEY --CAN YOU HEAR ME ?!

DAN!
KRAK
GAHH-N!

DADDY -- IT'S ME -- MEGAN! DADDY!


DADDY-- DON'T! STOP!

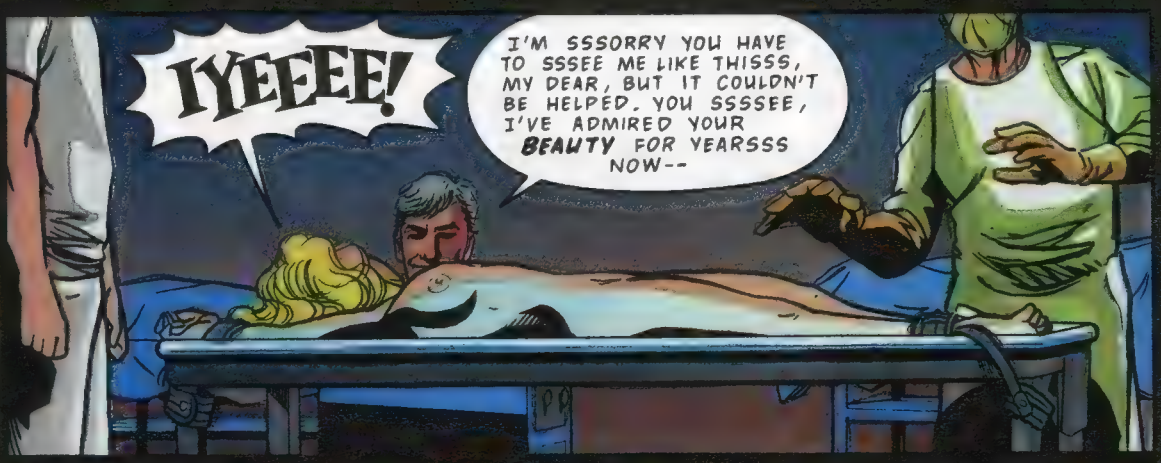
GAHN! MEG!
DID HILL COME FOR HER?

HALSEY-- cough! cough! -- HER FATHER -- HE THREW ME --
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. "OBSESSIVE DESIRE"-- OF COURSE. HOW COULD I BE SO STUPID?

HILL'S BEEN TO HIS OFFICE AND GONE, SO HE'S PROBABLY AT THE MORGUE NOW. PLAYING WITH MY REAGENT!
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, SHERLOCK?

LET'S GO!

FIREDOOR
YES, AL-LAAN. BRING HER HERE!
PLACCCE HER ON THE GURRRNEY. STRRRAP HER DOWN.
YESSSS, MUCH BETTER!
RRRIIPP!
OOOOOH... DAN... DAN...
UHHHHH... YESSSS...
THAT FEELS SOOO--
WHAT?!


IYEEEE!
I'M SSSORRY YOU HAVE TO SSSEE ME LIKE THISSS, MY DEAR, BUT IT COULDN'T BE HELPED. YOU SSSSEE, I'VE ADMIRED YOUR BEAUTY FOR YEARSSS NOW--

-- AND, AT THIS MOMENTOUS OCCASION IN MY LIFE, I NEED YOU NEAR ME!

NO! DON'T! GOD, DON'T!
THAT'SSSS IT, MY DEARESSSST MEG--MORE PASSSSION!

I MUST SAY, DR. HILL--
HUH?

I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED. YOU STEAL THE SECRET OF LIFE AND DEATH, AND HERE YOU ARE TRYSTING WITH A BUBBLE-HEADED CO-ED.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A SECOND-RATE SCIENTIST!

AH, MR. WESSST, I'M ACTUALLY GLAD TO SSSEE YOU. IT SSSAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF-- SSSENDING FOR YOU!
YOU'LL NEVER GET CREDIT FOR MY DISCOVERY NOW!

WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE A TALKING HEAD ?! GET A JOB IN A SIDESHOW!
I WONDER WHY AN INTELLIGENT YOUNG MAN LIKE YOURSSSSELF--

--WOULD MAKE SSUCH A FOOLISSSH, FATAL MISSSTAKE ASSS COMING HERE TO CHALLENGE MEEE.
OH, I HAVE A PLAN.

SO DO I, MR. WESSST.

SO DO I!

I WILL SSSHOW YOU POWER, MR. WESSST!
MY DISCOVERY, THE LASER SURGICAL DRILL, MAKESSS POSSIBLE A NEW TECHNIQUE IN LOBOTOMY--

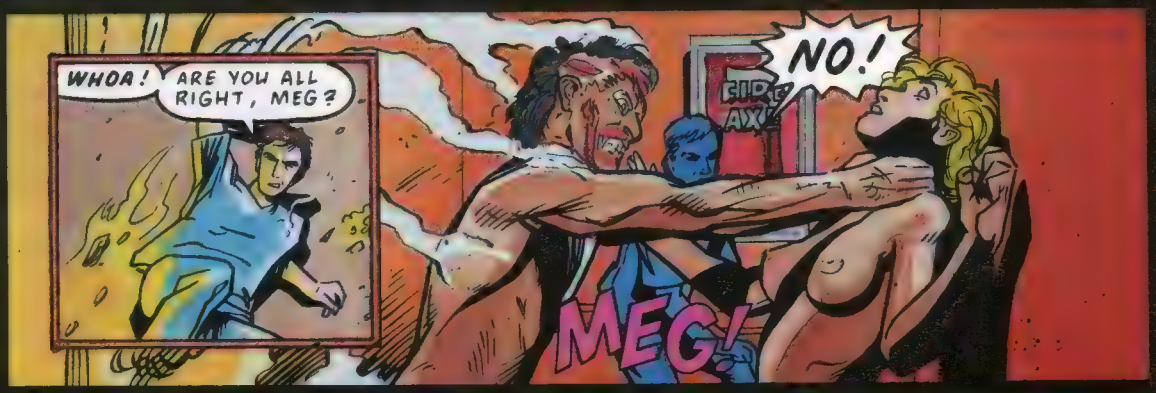
"--WHICH, FOLLOWED UP WITH DEEP HYPNOSSSISSS, RESSULTSSS IN TOTAL MASSTERY OF THE HUMAN WILL."
DADDY! HELP US!

PLEASE! HELP US!!
"REANIMATED SUBJECTS HAVE PROVEN TO BE THE BESSST!"

MOTHER. REMEMBER MOTHER. SHE HAD GREEN EYES JUST LIKE ME!
DADDY!

NOTHING CAN SSSTOP ME NOW, MR. WESSST. NOT EVEN DEATTTHH!

I WILL BE IMMOR--**!
SPLAT!
DAN. LOOK! HILL COULD CONTROL THEM! THE BASTARD WAS ON TO SOMETHING!
DADDY! DON'T!
GAAAAK!
WATCH IT! THE LASER'S GENERATOR!
NOOO
MEG!
BLAM!


WHOA!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MEG?
NO!
MEG!

GET THE HELL AWAY FROM HER!

CHUD

MEG? MEG? OH, GOD, NO! NO!
NOOO!

EPILOGUE
BRRRiiiNNG!
GET SOME PEOPLE DOWNSTAIRS! AND TURN OFF THAT DAMN ALARM!
CAIN! OVER HERE!
"ARISE, ME LADS; HEED, LISTEN, TO THE BANSHEES STERILE WAIL,"
"BARRED FROM HEAVEN AND BANISHED FROM HELL,"
HER HEART'S STOPPED-- CPR FAILED.
"IT'S A-STANDING OUTSIDE YOUR GATE."
OKAY-- CLEAR.
ZAP!
FLATLINE.
GET ME SOME ADRENALINE AND A CARDIAC NEEDLE!
NO.
SHE'S DEAD, CAIN-- I'M SORRY. WE TRIED.

I'VE GOT TO GET DOWNSTAIRS. WE CAN TALK LATER.

"CLOSE YOUR EARS AND BIND YOUR EYES AND PRAY FOR GOD'S GUIDING LIGHT;"

YES! YES!
"FOR WHEN A BANSHEE COMES A-CALLING, CAN AZRAEL BE FAR BEHIND?"

I LOVE YOU.

The Legend Returns In Full Color!

RUST™

Created and Written by STEVE MILLER
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